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THE CITIZEN.

AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation, 1000.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

80 c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

NO. 22.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.
Published at the office of

THE CITIZEN, Berea, Ky.

Entered at the Postoffice at Berea, Ky., as second-class mail matter.

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In order to avoid moving as much of our stock as possible, which would be considerably damaged in the moving, the Students' Job Print will sell any of its stock

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Will D. Candee, College Printer.

IDEAS.

God helps those who help themselves.

Everything that is worth doing is hard at the beginning.

A man is better than a horse because he can think.

Let us make the last two months of the year the best months.

A man elected to office is bound to serve the interests of *all* the people, and not merely the interests of those who voted for him.

Long winter nights are at hand. Start a debating society; have a singing school. Send the young people to Berea—don't let the devil have it all his own way because they have nothing to do!

Obituaries.

Elizabeth, wife of J. W. VanWinkle, passed away Monday morning, after a painful illness, supposed to be congestion of the brain and spinal cord. Her home had been at Berea for over twenty years. She was sister to Mr. J. C. Davis and Miss Sally Davis of this place. The departed was the mother of ten children, all of whom were present at her bedside. She was deaconess in the Union Church, and many in the community will lament her taking away.

Died Nov. 4, 1899, Mr. Isaac Newton Welch, formerly of Virginia, who lived in Berea more than four years. After having lost his health he returned to Virginia in the spring of '99. He died of the dreadful disease consumption. He leaves two daughters to mourn his loss, one in Virginia, the other in Berea.

He early professed belief in Christ and joined the Baptist Church at Point Truth, Va. Here in Berea he was one of the charter members of the First Baptist Church, and afterwards deacon.

How to Treat a Man.

BY A HORSE.

Under this title the Humane Journal prints the following advice:

"When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an and board or a cart stake and pound him on the head and on the ribs. If this does not reanimate him, kick him violently in the belly. This treatment will restore him if persistently administered.

If a man finds his load too heavy and feels that it would seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board and knock him down, and hammer him thoroughly with the board. This will give him renewed energy, and he will make no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load.

If a man refuses to drink when you offer him water, don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach him" to be thirsty at any time you find it convenient to attend to him. It is a good plan to ply the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him now and then on "general principles," and to prevent him taking any comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to go on faster to make up for it.

The young man's head back in an unnatural position, with his eyes toward the sun. This will give him a "fine appearance," and "prevent stumbling."

A winter remove his clothing "to prevent his taking cold." He will also "dry quicker" when you overwork him. You must tie a blanket on his back (but leave his neck and limbs exposed) when he is at work. Men thus treated are "much healthier" than when allowed winter clothing.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Elijah Logan is better, and is able to be out.

Pres. Frost's new house now has the frame up.

T. J. Coyle, formerly of Berea, is elected judge in Jackson Co.

C. Fay Hanson is preparing to build a new livery stable.

Look out for the shooting stars. See article elsewhere in this number.

Don't forget that we give a handsome premium with every new subscriber.

Prof. Dodge is preparing to seed his door yard, which has been tilled two or three years to exterminate the wild grass.

Our friend Silas, who contributes a letter to this paper, says that if we publish this one, he'll write again before long.

Miss Jane Johnson has been successfully operated upon in Cincinnati, but her condition is still considered critical.

Let every owner of wood and brush lands read carefully Prof. Mason's article in this number. Its importance cannot be exaggerated.

Miss Florence Morrow, the nurse at the college hospital, entertained the Faculty Club Friday night with stories of her hospital experience in New York.

Wm. Shockley has already been sworn in as his "own predecessor," thus filling the vacancy caused by Even Richardson's moving from town.

Both the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations are observing this as the week of prayer. Meetings are held each night at the vesper hour.

The town board seems at last to mean business in the hog matter, and we trust that the law-breaking swine may now disappear from our streets and garden patches.

Ernest G. Dodge has undertaken the management of the CITIZEN during the convalescence of T. G. Pasco. The kindness of those who hand him items of news will be appreciated.

Dr. H. H. Haden, Summit, Ala., says, "I think Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a good medicine. I prescribe it, and my confidence in it grows with continued use." It digests what you eat and quickly cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

The college boys are learning a new yell—something about Kumbo, Kiro, Kippo—the blood-curdling strains of which startle the peaceful citizen in the inky hours of early night.

J. D. Bridges, Editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H. says, One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe, and all throat and all lung troubles.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Prof. Dodge, S. E. Welch, Jr., E. L. Robinson, and Mitchell Preston went to Richmond Friday, to be ready as witnesses, if necessary, before the county board of election commissioners on the occasion of the official count.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief till I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Flemming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestions. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Rev. F. D. Burhaus has felt compelled, through unforeseen circumstances, to withdraw his acceptance of the pastorate in the Union Church of Christ. His leaving has occasioned general regret, as he had won, to an unusual degree, the hearts of those who knew him in his brief stay among us.

The Young Women's Christian Association opened their new room in Ladies Hall with a house-warming Saturday afternoon. The girls had a jolly time, and voted the new room a great success. It will be the headquarters for all the young women of the institution, and will, it is hoped, fill a long-felt want.

A PROCLAMATION OF ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made CLOTHING!

WE are prepared to cloth you with the lowest priced, rightly made, absolutely all wool clothing in America. Rightly made as it is of famous "Vitalis" brand, the only ready-to-wear clothing tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear resisting because the inside, the "Vitalis" the very life of the garment, is carefully made in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many combined exclusively to us in the line of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our clothing at

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Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high grade clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. This is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power, the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

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PRESENT ASPECTS OF MORMONISM

BY
REV. R. G. MCNEICE, D. D.

Concluded this week.

Mormonism never had so much political power as it has today. It virtually controls Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Arizona, and in a close election would hold the balance of power in other states, thereby securing quite a group of men naturally ready to oppose any legislation which the Mormons might not like.

III. The fruits of Mormonism. There is something inherent in the polygamous part of the Mormon system which tends inevitably to break down that sense of moral obligation, that discrimination between right and wrong, that truthfulness and honor and purity of life which true Christianity is so powerful in building up. The contrast in these respects between Mormonism and Christianity, is like that between light and darkness. We are speaking now in regard to the polygamous part of the system, and would be far from denying that there are many honest and truthful and kind-hearted people in the Mormon ranks, whose lives are largely governed by the teachings of the Bible. But in order to be specific, let us look at two of the evil tendencies of this polygamous system:

Take first its tendency to destroy the principle of truthfulness. This lack of truthfulness had many and illustrations before the courts during the anti-polygamy trials, between 1884 and 1889. The wholesale lying of the Mormon witnesses was something appalling. The able United States district attorney during those years, in speaking of the matter in a public address says:

"The tendency of this crime of polygamy, and of the teaching which encourages it is this: that the public morals of the community are becoming debauched. There is being reared up here a community of hypocrites and perjurers. That is a strong term to use, but I use it advisedly. I say just what I mean. The one crime begets the other; it is the prolific mother of crime here. It is almost a daily occurrence, when the courts are in session, to witness the sights and hear the words which prove the truth of this statement. I have seen a woman go upon the witness stand, hold up her hand before High Heaven, and swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and when she took her seat upon the stand, after taking the oath, admitted that she was the mother of a young woman who was a member of her household; that the daughter had given birth to a child, and that the daughter was married, but this mother could not, to save her soul from perdition, tell who the husband was! After mentioning other cases, the district attorney refers to the fact that the church officials did nothing about this wholesale falsifying. He says that "no word of condemnation by any one in authority has ever been uttered against the perjury daily committed in our courts, and that portion of the press which voices the sentiment of the dominant authority here, so far from speaking a word of condemnation, daily apologizes for, and defends and praises these perjurers for their cunning while upon the witness stand."

Then take as another evil fruit, the tendency of the Mormon system to destroy morality and purity in private life. The gross immorality among the young people in Utah, which is the inevitable result of this polygamous system, is beginning to alarm the chief men in the church. At the semi-annual conference of the church last October, one of the apostles created a great sensation by the

plan way in which he spoke of the prevalence of this immorality in the Mormon church. In an address delivered at Beaver, and reported in the Salt Lake Herald, December 29th, 1896, George Q. Cannon, one of the two counselors of the President, is reported as saying: "He regretted greatly that he had heard from very good authority that immorality seemed to be on the increase among the young people of some of the towns of Utah, and especially was this the case before marriage."

We know that society among the young people in many of these Mormon towns is appalling for its immorality. But one of the worst things about it is that it is the inevitable result of this polygamous system of Mormonism.

IV. The last point to be considered, is the significance of the recent election of a polygamist to Congress. The chief officials of the church, alarmed at the righteous indignation of the American people, are trying hard to make out that it has no significance, and that the church had nothing to do with it. In President Snow's statement in the New York World, he says: "And further, if Mr. Roberts takes the seat to which he has been elected, it will not in any sense affect the question of polygamy. If he should be unseated the result as to polygamy would be no different."

Now the general opinion of the non-Mormons here is just the opposite. They think if Roberts is seated it will simply fasten polygamy upon Utah; and if he is unseated, it will knock the bottom from under the disgusting and mischievous system. The common opinion here is that Roberts was elected for the express purpose of lifting up and honoring polygamy. For he was nominated against the protest of a strong minority of his own party, who objected on the ground of his being a polygamist. And many of this minority refused to support him. But the overwhelming majority of the convention were Mormons, and they were determined to put honor upon a polygamist.

It is practically the rebellious attempt of a whole state to exalt polygamy by forcing it upon Congress. Many of the church officials, since Robert's election, are exceedingly defiant, and raise the insulting question: "What are the people of the United States going to do about it? Here is the way one of the apostles speaks on the subject: "Now I would like to know what the Congress of the United States, and all the rest of the people of the United States, are going to do about it? Why, if we wanted to pass a law right here in our State, making polygamy and polygamist marriages publicly lawful from this day on, and forever more in the State, neither Congress, nor the Senate, nor the President, nor all the committees of clergymen and women in America could do anything about it." This is a fair sample of the general opinion of the church officials, although they are not all so frank in its expression. It should be borne in mind, however, that the non-Mormons of Utah want Mr. Roberts unseated, not because he is a Mormon, but because he is a law-breaking polygamist, and is false to the Mormon covenant with the American people, to stop all polygamous relations.

The writer disclaims any feeling of unkindness toward the Mormon people. On the other hand, he would be glad to see them prosper. But he knows they can never have any true civil prosperity while they adhere to a polygamous system that is condemned by every Christian nation. The writer, therefore, feels that both patriotism and humanity require him to do whatever he can to curtail the influence and power of this system, by setting forth the facts which condemn it.



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THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

HEREA, KENTUCKY

NOVEMBER—1899.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

It is the opinion of a German oculist that the use of the ordinary slates by school-children tends to produce short-sightedness. As a substitute he recommends a pen and ink or an artificial white slate with black pencil. The latter have been introduced in some of the German schools.

JAPANESE newspapers are published in Brooklyn, San Francisco and Honolulu and Japanese magazines at Sacramento and Los Angeles. They are either lithographed or produced by manifold process. Japanese journalism, at home as well as abroad, follows American models in general.

DEFECTIVE flues are responsible for over 11 per cent. of the fires and incendiarism is next as a cause. Last year 6,891 incendiary fires occurred. Lightning caused 3,479 spontaneous combustion 1,179, friction in machinery 293, natural gas 91, dust explosions 14, and five were caused by the sun's rays passing through window glass.

A SCIENTIST of some standing asserts that chemically pure water is poison to the human stomach, upsetting some hitherto accepted theories regarding distilled water by the argument that in distillation the water loses sundry salts that it greedily abstracts from the animal tissues when it is swallowed, thus constituting a protoplasmic poison.

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ of Harvard university has never received any salary for his services to the museum of comparative zoology. Between 1871 and 1897 he has expended \$750,000 of his private means without making any communication concerning it to President Eliot. He is now in the southern Pacific ocean making deep sea explorations for the university collection.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perihable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man falls all un-corked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the remains.

It is an Italian doctor who specially recommends laughter as a cure for modern ills. The diseases influenced by a hearty laugh are numerous and range from bronchitis to anaemia. It will be interesting to see how the treatment is effected. A course of tickling is prescribed for bronchitis, for example; a course of farical comedies might suit an anaemic patient; while puns, fled off at intervals, would be found efficacious in cases of plenitude.

GEN. BOULANGER's famous black horse Tuna has met an ignominious death. After the flight of Boulanger the animal passed from hand to hand, and finally descended to the inglorious service of drawing a cab through the streets of Paris. This proved too much for Tuna and he was sold to Armand DeGonne, a well known dealer in horseflesh, by whom he was duly slaughtered, cut up and sold for stewing purposes in the market place of St. Anne.

AMONG the glaciers found in the Rocky mountains is the Grasshopper glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshopper remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers take their flight southward, and must cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across the wide glacier, and in the passage scores of thousands of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow and are finally entombed in the ice.

ALL sorts and conditions of people patronize the Paris Mont de Piete, or municipal pawnshop. A report just issued shows that among the borrowers last year were 8,500 working people, 8,497 employees, 6,991 merchants, tradesmen and manufacturers, and 2,019 representatives of the liberal professions. Rentiers, who live on tide dividends, frequently seek the help of the friendly Mont, and 2,209 of this class are among the borrowers. The institution is looked upon more as a bank than as the pawnshop.

The Vanderbilt bequests are subject to a war tax of from \$2.25 to \$15 on each \$100. The tax is \$2.25 for each \$100 on amounts of \$1,000,000 left to a brother or lineal descendant, and \$15 for each \$100 of sums bequeathed to strangers in blood or a body politic or the corporation. It is estimated that the national government will receive between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, according to present calculation, from the Vanderbilt estate. In addition to this, the state will collect an inheritance tax. The state will receive about \$70,000 from the estate, which is valued at \$70,000,000.

THE QUILL-WORKER.

Plains, plains and the prairie land which the sunlight floods at 1 mile, To the north the open country, southward the Cypress hills, Never a bit of woodland, never a till that flowers, Only a stretch of caecus beds, and the wild, sweet prairie rose;

A solitary tepee lifts its solitary crest, Where Noyka in the doorway, crowned in the red sunshine, Brothers her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.

Noyka, the Sioux chief's daughter, she with the foot that flies, She with the hair of midnight and the wondrous midnight eyes, She with the soft, slow smile, She with the voice of velvet and the thoughts that dream the white— "Where come the vague, to-morrow? Where do the yesters fly? What is beyond the border of the prairie and the sky?"

Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red sunshine, Brother her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine? So Noyka, in the wasteland, wonders and works away, Far from the fret and folly of the "Land of Waking Day."

And many the pale-face trader who stops at the tepee door For a smile from the sweet, shy worker and a sigh when the hour is o'er, For they know of a young red hunter who sometimes has aided

To rest and smoke with her father, though his eyes were on the maid, And the moons will not be many ere she in the red sunshine

Will brook her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.

—E. Pauline Johnson, in Black and White.

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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

I resolved not to go back to my lodging, but to quit Florence the moment I had secured my horse. It was necessary, however, to provide some change of attire. I did not intend to substitute a steel corselet for my buff-coat, having a mind to fight my way back to fortune with no defense but that over my heart, and contented myself with purchasing a light steel helmet, a pair of stout riding boots, cloak, and some other articles which could go into a small valise, capable of being fastened on to the back of a saddle. These I left at the vendor's, promising to call for them in an hour or so, and hurried toward the horse market, my shadow still keeping behind me, in his accustomed place. Opposite the Baptistery I heard, to my surprise, some one shouting my name, and looking in that direction saw a man running across the pavement towards me. I recognized at once one of my lances, Jacopo Jacopo, a Lucchese, whom I had every reason to believe devoted to me. He had served with me at Fornovo and after, and although he subsequently left me for a little time, on my joining the Venetian fleet against the Turks, he returned to my banner once more, when it was spread on firm ground, and had always proved a devoted follower. He came now to me with joy on his face, shouting out, "Ab, excellency! It is I, who am a glad man to see you."

"Jacopo!" I exclaimed, "but my name is no longer Savelli. It is Donati now—and what do you here?"

He looked a trifle embarrassed, as he replied: "I am seeking service—I left the army when your excellency left."

Knowing the man to be a stout soldier, I decided on the instant what to do.

"See here," I said, "I have no time to lose. Will you follow me once more? I am bound to Rome on an urgent affair, and leave to-day."

"Will a dog sniff at a bone? Will a cat pass by cream? Will an ass turn up his nose at a carrot? I will follow to the devil, let alone Rome, excellency, and at once if you will."

"Have you a horse?"

"Nothing, signore, but an arquebus and my sword, which I have at my lodging."

"Then come with me, we must buy two horses, and leave at once."

"I am ready, your worship," and taking his place a little behind me we hurried on.

We will have a barrel made to go to Rome, now that the whole country is up, signore," said Jacopo, as we walked along.

"I have thought of that," I answered; "I propose to go by Leghorn, and taking ship there, proceed to Rome by sea."

Jacopo gave such a groan at this that I turned round in surprise, and became at once aware that my shadow had crossed the road and come so close up to us that he must have heard every word of our conversation. This was most annoying, and a disaster of which the future consequences might be most serious. I determined however to be rid of him for the rest of my stay in Florence at any rate, and addressed him sharply:

"Signore, I seem to have excited much curiosity in you. May I ask what it is you want?"

He stood for a moment, at a loss for reply, and then said: "The road is as free to me as to you."

"I admit that," I said; "but I object to your stopping to listen to my conversation, and therefore will be obliged by your passing on, unless you want a more severe punishment than you received last night."

He turned pale with anger, and slipped his hand into his vest; but as suddenly pulled it out again, and without another word hurried past us.

"Mark that man, Jacopo," I said; "wherever he is, there is danger for us; and now tell me some news of the army."

I am sure of that, excellency. I was with them as far as Siena, when I took my leave."

So she had gone, and I felt a relief at the news. Once in France, she would be safe with her family, and I was honestly glad she was out of the dangers of the time.

We had now reached the horse market, and with some search discovered two likely-looking animals, whose price was within the measure of my purse. I could not afford to pick and choose to any great extent, but for 40 crowns became the owner—after a little trial, which showed they were as sound as I could see—of two nags, one a bay, and the other a russet, with an off foot white above the pastern, an unlucky color, and the white marking denoted devility. But he was a shrewd-looking beast, and I kept him for myself, giving the bay to Jacopo. Having paid on the spot for these, together with the necessary saddlery, we rode to the shop where I had left my purchases, and collected them. It was here that the idea struck me that there was an opportunity to keep my word, and return her gift to Madonna Angiola, therefore asking the shopkeeper for sealing-wax and a small parchment, I carefully folded up the tari, and sealed up the packet. Taking it in my hand, I went out to Jacopo, who was holding the horses, and said:

"See here, Jacopo. Take this packet to the house of the secretary Machiavelli. It lies in the ward San Spirito, near Santa Felicia, and cannot be missed. Deliver it into the hands of the Lady Angiola, say nothing, and come away. There is no reply needed; you follow?"

"Excellent!" he replied, and after doing this you may dine, collect your arms, and meet me in an hour and a half at the San Frediano gate. And you might as well bring a feed for the horses with you. Stay, here are two crowns."

"It shall be done, your worship. I know the secretary's house, and the rest is simple."

He mounted his horse, and trotted off; and reflecting that a chaffin in a cage is better than a mavin in a bush, and that I ought as well dine whilst I had the chance, I swung myself into the saddle, and proceeded at a smart pace toward the Double Florin.

I had to cross the piazza of the Signory on my way there, and whilst doing so came face to face with a riding party. It was composed of several ladies and gentlemen, and amongst them was Machiavelli, who glanced at me with a friendly twinkle in his eye, and gave me an imperceptible nod of approval. Almost immediately behind him was old Ives d'Allegria, riding with a belt upraised, and making himself agreeable, in his bear-like manner, to Lady Angiola, who rode beside him. There was no avoiding them, and yielding to a sudden impulse I saluted as they came up. A look of contempt spread over the features of the general, who made no response, and Madonna Angiola kept her eyes fixed before her, as if she had seen nothing. They passed by in a moment, leaving me speechless with anger, for, owing to my failure to preserve a disguise, I had allowed my head to glow again, and d'Allegria without doubt recognized me. There was some excuse perhaps for him; but none I could think of for her, and to add to my chagrin, I thought that Jacopo would probably waste hours in awaiting her return. I let my horse out to a hand gallop, notwithstanding the pavement, and luckily doing no injury to any of the passers-by or to him, pulled up in a few minutes at the door of my ordinary. Here, although I tried to eat, I was so angry that I could only trifle with my food, and, raging within myself, I drank a full measure of wine, swallowed such morsels as I could, and went to see after my horse. By my directions he had a light feed, and was being rubbed down. As provision against accidents, I purchased a bottle of Chianti, together with a roast fowl and a loaf of white bread, and these I placed in my saddle-bags. Then, seeing to the saddling of the horse myself, I exchanged my velvet cap for the steel helmet, and drawing my sword-belt in by a hole, sprang into the saddle, and went on at a leisurely pace towards the San Frediano gate. There was still plenty of time, so I made no hurry, and, indeed, when I reached the gate, the gong there boomed out five o'clock, leaving a half hour still to spare before Jacopo was due. I pulled up therefore at the side of the road, and dismounting, led my horse up and down. It was whilst thus engaged that I noticed a priest, mounted on a smart cob, trotting in the direction of the gate, and knowing that a misfortune and a fine are seldom apart, I observed him narrowly as he passed. He drew his bow, however, over his face, so that I could make nothing of him; but, on reaching the gate, he stopped to ask some questions of the sentry there, and the man, in raising his hand to salute, slightly startled the horse, which threw back his head. This sudden movement made the hood the rider wore fall back a little, but it was enough to enable me to see it was the library scribe, old Ceci's nephew; and I augured so good from this, resolving nevertheless to be on my guard more than ever. The pretended priest received an answer to his inquiry, and giving his benediction, in true sacerdotal manner, rode off at a pace that showed his seat on the library stool had not interfered with his seat in the saddle. It was now fully the half hour, and yet Jacopo did not come. I waited until the gong struck six, and was just about to ride off, leaving a message with the guard, when I saw him approaching.

"Make haste," I cried, as I mounted; "you are late."

"Farewell, excellency! But the lady was not there. I had to wait a full hour before she came back from riding, and Gen. d'Allegria was with her."

"Did you give the packet?"

"I did, excellency. I rode up, asked who Lady Angiola was, and presented the packet, saying it was from Cavaliere di Savelli, my master."

"Oh, glorious fool! Did I not tell you my name was Donati? Did I not tell you to say nothing, but merely give the packet into the lady's hand?"

"You are late, excellency! But there were so many about, my wife almost went to say nothing. I gave madame the packet, however, and she took it."

"Said anything?"

"Nothing, excellency—never a word."

There was no use crying over spilt milk, and cursing Jacopo in my heart for a muddle-headed fool, we started off. On reaching the rent, I thought I might as well try and find out what the sham friar was looking for. The man raised his hand in salute as I came up, and dinging him a crown I bade him drink to the health of the Signory therewith.

"Marry! I will with pleasure, and yours, too, excellency," he said, as he pocketed the money, evidently stirred by the amount.

"Justed of mine, drink to the health of my good friend, the monk, who has just gone on. Can you tell me if he inquired for anyone here?"

I relied on the simplicity of the man, and on taking him by surprise with the question, and as it happened I bit my mark.

"In truth, excellency, the reverend fa-

ther inquired about a party of five horsemen, who took the road to Leghorn about four o'clock this afternoon. He doubted much if he could overtake them 'ere night-fall, he said, and would have to ride hard."

I poised another crown on my fingers, absently. "Do you know any of the party who went ahead?"

"No, excellency; but their leader was an old man with a long white beard, and I think I heard him addressed as Ceci. Excellency, the wine will flow to-night—a hundred thanks."

I dropped the crown into his palm, moving him on to his closing words.

"Come on, Jacopo. It grows late," and, setting spurs to our horses, we rode at a gallop.

CHAPTER XII.
THE AMBUSH.

It is a good to go through the air, with the strength of a brave horse under one, to know that his strong muscles are stretching with an enjoyment as keen as his rider's pleasure, to hear the air whistling as one cuts through it, and to feel the blood fairly dance in the veins. After those weary weeks of illness, of inaction, and of mental despair I had passed through, it was as if new life was poured into me, to know that I was once more in the saddle, with a prospect, however faint, of regaining all I had lost. As the landscape on each side of me melted into a green gray streak, it seemed to carry away with it my suffering, as the true horse answered willingly to the touch of my spur, I forgot the past, and was once again Ugo di Savelli, with a spirit as high as the days before the black sorrel was a foul stretch of springy turf, crossed by a fairly wide water channel. I could not resist giving the beast a burst over this, and followed by Jacopo, galloped over it with a free rein. Both the horses took the jump like bucks, and, carried away by the moment, we held on, until we reached the top of the hill, and found the path which led to the valley of the Greve. Here the turf came to a sudden end, in a line such as the edge of a calm sea makes in a bay, and then began a steep descent of gravel and loose stones, whose many colors of gray, ochre and brown, were splashed here and there by masses of short, thick shrubs, which gradually increased in denseness, until they spread before us, a sea of somber green, that stretched to the clear blue of the Greve. Here, on the crest of the slope, I drew the horses to a stand, and, looking back for the present, and that it would be well to husband their strength, Jacopo pulled up alongside of me, and, stooping to pat the neck of his mount, said:

"Excellent, the horses are in good condition; they will carry us well to Leghorn!" He spoke the truth, for although they might have been in better training, as the few clots of yellowish white foam on the neck of the reins which had touched their pasterns showed, they should have been content with less from new and practically untried purchases, such as we had made, and I congratulated myself mentally on our luck, for Haralbas himself would have had much to learn from the horse-dealers of Tuscany.

"By keeping at this pace, excellency," said Jacopo, as we trotted on, "we shall reach the Resa shortly before it gets quite dark, and I submit that we stop there to feed the horses. As your honor commanded, I have brought a meal for them, and there was space enough in the sack for a snack for me, which would do at a pinch for two, if your excellency would but condescend to taste of it."

"You say well, Jacopo; but I also am an old soldier, and my saddle-bags are full. A lasting body makes but a faint heart, whether for man or beast—the on the other hand of the Resa then, we shall call a halt. There is a little light still, enough to increase the pace—as onwards!"

We began a hand gallop, keeping one behind the other, and following the windings of a cattle track, for I had purposely avoided the road after receiving the information I had extracted from the sentry at the San Frediano gate. It was evident that the party of men, followed by Ceci's nephew, had left Florence to carry out some desperate design. I had been dogged all day by this man, and now he had galloped off in disguise to join the men who had left Florence before we had, and amongst them was his uncle Ceci's words at our last interview, and the persistent manner in which I was followed, left me no room to doubt that I was the object of their attention, and that it would be necessary to keep well on the alert. I did not apprehend danger at once, but thought that if an attack were made it would be in the narrow valley between the low hills to the north of Montepertoli, or at Ponte a Elsa, each of which places was particularly suited for an ambush, although, of course, considering the numbers, the attempt might be made elsewhere, and openly, without very much danger. So with another hurried word of warning to Jacopo, and holding my sword ready, I galloped along, increasing the pace as much as possible, whenever we went past a clump of trees, and both of us keeping as sharp a lookout as the light, or rather darkness, permitted. We avoided the regular ford of the Resa on the Montepertoli road, crossing higher up in the direction of Montepertoli, and here got a good wetting, for the water was deeper than we anticipated. Had Ceci and his friends only lain in wait for us at this point, we should have had no chance. As it happened, however, we had taken a zig-zag route, which had either thrown them off the track entirely, or we should meet them further on, either at one of the two spots mentioned by me, or in some other equally convenient locality. At any rate, we were safe for the present, and that was something to be thankful for, even if we were in darkness. So my thoughts ran on as we scrambled somehow to the opposite bank of the Resa, and groped our way up until we felt soft grass under our feet, for we had dismounted on feeding the stream, and led our horses by their bridles up the steep left bank. Here we called a halt, determined to await the moon, and Jacopo managed somehow to tether the horses, fastening the halteres to the stump of a tree he discovered by stumbling against it, and on which he wasted some of those curses he was so anxious for me to reserve for my enemies. After giving the horses their feed, which they nosed out readily enough, despite the darkness, he joined me where I sat on the grass trying to dry, and wrapping up the lock of his arquebus in a women cap, which he produced, to keep it from damp, he took his seat beside me at my invitation.

It was fall to us, to our supper, and adding my store to my faithful follower's supply, I mused distinctions of rank, and considered what had been a stranger to me for many a day. When the last drop of wine in the bottle was finished, and we had picked our last bone, Jacopo arose with a sigh.

"Before supper, excellency, I was ready to eat and then fight my way through an army; now, beshrew me, if a sound nap of an hour or so is not much to my taste!"

I could not forbear smiling, but did not rise to the bait, and when our horses were

aided again, and every buckle and strap examined with the minutest care, we mounted and set off. As although we both knew the direct road to Leghorn, but were not acquainted with the district as to it correctly pursue our way by moonlight, I decided to run the gauntlet of the ambushade, if there was any, and take the risk of coming off with a whole skin, to the certainty of losing our track by chasing short cuts, which might lead to, Heaven alone knew where! Now that we were once more on the road, we trotted along at a fairish pace through the silent night. The way led for some distance over an uneven plain, covered with a multitude of white stones, that shone in the moonlight like water. The plain gradually narrowed to where it was intersected by a chain of low hills, and it was in crossing these that we should have to ride through a narrow gut, and possibly meet our danger. As we approached the hills, the short, stunted foliage that tufted the plain changed to a half-grown forest, in the midst of which the road wound, and here we waited for a second, whilst Jacopo examined his piece to see that all was tight, and gingerly led up the match thereon, to give the fire a little strength. This being done, we proceeded with the greatest caution, riding one behind the other, and going slowly, as we feared a pitfall of some kind among the trees. Luckily there was none, and at last we got out of the immediate presence of the forest, and into the gut, where the precipice rose high on each side of us. All was rock and stone, but the road was fairly even, a trap could have been seen, and going slow a mistake here, as we clapped spurs to the horses and sent them along, although momentarily expecting to see the dash of an arquebus, we were sorely disappointed, and got out of the passage without mishap of any kind.

"Anno! Signore, we are out of this, and to-night will not be bread for the teeth of these brigands!" and Jacopo, whose horse had carried him a little in advance, drew rein to let me come up, and we rode out of the tail of the pass.

"I hope so, but we are not out of the wood yet," and I pointed to where a dip in the ground showed there was a small stream, and on the opposite bank the road again led into forest land.

"And I was just going to beg your worship's leave to troll a catch," said Jacopo, and as he uttered these words we passed into the shall stream before us. Almost at this moment my horse neighed shrilly, and an answering neigh from the wood before us rang into the night.

"Crack! Crack! Two red tongues of fire licked out from the darkness of the trees, we heard the loud report of firearms, and a brace of balls sang past, unpleasantly close to my head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSCLE DID IT.

A Bitter Incident of Revolutionary Days When Brute Force Was Needed.

Among the historical records of Virginia we find the story of an incident in the life of one of the heroes of the revolution which has not, we believe, appeared elsewhere in print. It is worthy of preservation, as it illustrates the acquiescence of our forefathers in the exercise of brute force as a right in matters under dispute.

Capt. Crawford, famous as an Indian fighter, led an expedition into Virginia shortly before Braddock's defeat. His troop was made up of pioneers, independent farmers who found it hard to submit to military discipline.

Crawford needed transportation, and meeting a wagoner with a team of four horses, ordered him into the service of the king. The wagoner was a man of gigantic build. He surveyed the body of armed men surrounding him and angry as he was, saw that resistance was useless. Yet to leave his home and work for months meant ruin.

He threateningly approached Crawford. "I've not a fair chance," he said. "It's one against hundreds. They're armed and I'm not. But I'll tell you what would be fair. I'll fight you or any man in your army. If I'm whipped I'll go with you. If you're whipped I go free."

The proposal, absurd as it now seems, was too much in the spirit of the time for Crawford to refuse it without being misunderstood by his troops. He began reluctantly to strip off his coat, when one of his men, a young fellow who had been leaning against a tree, stepped forward.

"I will fight him," he said, facing the giant. "If you are beaten the whole company is disgraced. But if he kills me it is only a vagabond like himself that less in the world."

Crawford, after a feeble show of resistance, consented, and the young trooper sprang at the huge wagoner with the fury of a panther. Although lightly built he had muscles of steel, and after a short struggle the giant was beaten. The young man was Daniel Morgan, afterwards a major general in the revolutionary army.—Youth's Companion.

The Question of Herds.

"How can you beat and scorch your husband in this terrible way?" said a judge to a woman of spirit and independence. "Don't you know that he is the head of the family, and ought to be respected as such? Don't you know that he is your head too, and ought to be obeyed?"

This was pretty severe doctrine to preach to a distracted family, but every man in the world will say that it is strictly true, and ought to be enforced.

This woman, however, was untried, and in very pettiness said: "Judge, is that man my head?"

"Most assuredly he is," was the reply.

"Well, judge," said the stern disciplinarian of a logical system, "is there any good reason why I shouldn't scratch my head if I wish to?"—London Tit-Bits.

His Parting Shot.

"Marry you?" scornfully exclaimed the young woman. "No—not if you were the last man on earth! I'll never marry a 300-pounder with a No. 14 foot and a hand like a split bam!"

"I perceive, Miss Fyffe," rejoined the overgrown young man, his entire frame trembling with indignation, "that you are not only wasp-waisted, but you are silly!"

And he went away, not wholly crushed.—Chicago Tribune.

"You Can't Catch the Wind in a Net."

Neither can you cure catarrh by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla because it is a constitutional remedy. It expels from the blood the impurity which causes the disease, and rebuilds the inflamed membranes.

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Never Disappoints

PEACE OFFERINGS.

They Presented Him and as His Wife Predicted He Was Home with His Purchases.

She received a large box full of American beauty rose by messenger from her husband along toward four o'clock this afternoon.

"James is absorbing Martigny cocktails again," she mused shrilly.

Half an hour later another messenger brought her five pounds of expensive candy from her husband.

"James has ordered that \$80 overcoat he was talking about, but said he couldn't afford," she mused again.

Half an hour later a wagon drew up, with a florist's name painted on the sides thereof, and two handsome, full grown palms were delivered at her door marked as coming from her husband.

"These branches, preceding him," she mused some more. "He'll be home by dark."

He was home by dark. He had been absorbing Martignys. He had ordered the \$80 overcoat. The presence of the modern carried woman is sufficiently inspiring to persuade any man to raise his bobnet theteto.—Washington Post.

Ignorance is more powerful in the hands of some people than knowledge.—Chicago Daily News.

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Where Love is, there God is also.

(Continued from November 1.)

"That's just what I say," remarked the old woman. "I myself had seven of them,—only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to relate where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "Here," she says, "my strength is only so-so, and yet I have to work. I pity the youngsters, my grandchildren—how nice they are! No one gives me such a welcome as they do. Aksatka won't go to any one but me. (Little grandmother, dear little grandmother, loveliest!)—and the old woman grew quite sentimental.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

The woman was just about to lift the bag upon her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and says, "Let me carry it, little grandmother: it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman even forgot to ask Adam to pay for the apple.

Adam stood motionless and kept gazing after them; and he heard them talking all the time as he walked away. After Adam saw them disappear, he returned to his room; he found his eye-glasses on the stairs; they were not broken; he picked up his awl, and sat down to work again.

After working a little while, it grew darker, so that he could not see to sew; he saw the lamp-lighter passing by to light the street-lamps.

"It must be time to make a light," he thought to himself; so he fixed his little lamp, hung it up, and betook himself again to work. He had one boot already finished; he turned it around, looked at it: "Well done." He put away his tools, swept off the cuttings, cleared off the bristles and ends, took the lamp, put it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place; and the moment Adam opened the testament, he recollected his last night's dream. And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. Adam looked around, and sees—there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though people were standing; he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear,—

"Martin—ah, Martin! did you not recognize me?"

"Who?" uttered Adam.

"Me," repeated the voice. "It is I; and Stepanutich stepped forth from the dark corner; he smiled, and like a little cloud faded away, and soon vanished.

"And this is I," said the voice. From the dark corner stepped forth the woman with her child; the woman smiled, the child laughed, and they also vanished.

"And this is I," continued the voice; both the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped forward; both smiled and vanished.

Adam's soul rejoiced: he crossed himself, put on his eye-glasses, and began to read the Evangelists where it happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read,—

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And on the lower part of the page he read this:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (St. Matthew, chap. xxv.).

And Adam understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

(The end.)

Alumni and Old Students.
R. P. Lyman, '95, is carrying mail in Buffalo, N. Y. His health, which a year ago was precarious, is considerably improved.

Dr. S. Josephine McCollum, having taken her diploma from the Illinois Medical College, is now acting as intern in the Mary Thompson Hospital, Chicago.

The distinguished Chicago surgeon, Dr. James McCollum, '79, attended a wedding this fall at which he was the groom. Congratulations! Mrs. McCollum is also a physician.

Miss Minnie Stow, whom many will remember, spent her summer vacation at Salt Lake City.

Miss Mary Pearl, a former student, has returned to Berea, and is doing housework at W. D. Caudee's.

The Counties.

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Owsley County.

South Fork.

Thomas Maupin accidentally fired a pistol and wounded Gilbert Peters, but not very severely.

Come to see us now and we will give you the best spare ribs and "cracklin" bread you ever ate.

The "Cuban Lecture" given at White Oak last Saturday evening was not well attended for some reason.

A large number of Owsley's young people are preparing to attend school at Berea the winter and spring terms.

Prof. S. W. Carnahan of London, Ky., passed through this vicinity last week in the interest of the Sue Bennett Memorial.

One of the saddest events that ever occurred in this county was the death of Miss Nancy Saunders, who committed suicide Nov. 5.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thomas B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The election passed off quietly here. Dr. J. A. Mahaffey, the Republican nominee for Representative, received a majority of 156 votes in the county.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says "My wife had piles forty years. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Estill County.

Leont Branch.

James Bicknell has bought another mule.

James Skinner died Thursday; was buried Saturday.

Miss Etta Fowler is visiting Margaret Bicknell this week.

Jimmie Hubbard had his saddle stolen Sunday night at a singing.

Quite a number of people of this place were in Richmond Monday.

C. Gentry is having a good deal of clearing and brush-burning done.

Miss Nannie Bicknell was the guest of Lena Richardson Wednesday night.

Willie Miller of Irvine preached at Beaver Pond Tuesday night, and will preach again Sunday.

You never know what form of blood poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

Mr. J. S. Riddell was at Red House on business last week.

J. S. Ogg is doing a good business with his sawmill at this place.

Mrs. B. M. Young, after a lingering illness of more than two months, is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. Lella Weinburg, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Young.

Miss Nannie Cornack, of Richmond, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. C. Todd, this week.

Mrs. Kate Hurley has returned home after a delightful visit with relatives and friends at this place.

Lagrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, and throat troubles. It will prevent consumption. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Adam Baker, of Flat Lick, visited friends here Saturday.

Mrs. Lizzie Swafford visited her father near Flat Lick last week.

T. J. Holcomb goes to Barboursville once a week after goods.

Flaming Keen, of Bright Shade, has bought a farm from Wm. Means, and will move to this neighborhood soon.

T. F. Clark was here Friday. He expects to move his photo gallery from Knox county to this locality.

Dr. W. Wixon, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating Asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, lung and throat troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

A Letter from Sile.

DEAR CITIZEN:

I thought as how I'd write an' tell ye 'bout the talk I had 'tother day with Tom Martin when he come over 'our county court house.

"Tom," says I, "how'd that election go over'n your county? Tollerable close, wasn't it?"

"Ves, Sile," says he, "t'was mighty close, but that no 'count feller, Johnson, went in 'an had sixty odd votes to spare. I was powerful anxious to see Jim Brown go to the legislature to represent us 'temperance fellers, for we need a county local option law down our way right bad, but them sixty votes tipped the beam 'tother way an' there we was."

"Lost yer vote, did ye, Tom?" says I; "that's bad now sure."

"Ves," says he, "your right it's bad. An' I tell ye, Sile, what I've been thinkin'." We men what voted for Brown, an' couldn't elect him an' couldn't send him to talk for us in Frankfort ain't goin' to be represented in that 'ar legislature, are we?"

"No," says I, "you ain't represent-

ed." "But I pay my state an' county taxes, ten lit dollars every year. Now what does the good old Declaration say about 'taxation without representation'?"

"Tyranny," says I. An' then I fell a thinkin', an' I says, says I, "Tom, this 'ere district way of electin', everybody a votin', an' one candidate a gettin' the whole an' sole one office is about like ten men a ownin' a saw-mill, an' they take to votin', an' the feller what gets the most votes bags the whole profit. There ain't a man what 'ud call that fair."

"No," says he, "an' I tell ye, Sile, 'bout a new way of electin' I've just heard tell about. They call it 'proportional representation', if my memory ain't got crooked."

"Well, how do they work it?"

"Simple enough," says he. "They give about eight representatives to one big district, an' then they divide 'em up fair an' square. If the parties hang about equal they take four a piece, but if one gets much ahead, they make it five an' three. An' if there's a Populist enough to elect one man out of the eight, let 'em have him, I say. I ain't no Populist myself, but let every man vote his sentiments, is what I say, an' let him have a representative to talk for him at Frankfort,—a man that he's voted for, an' not a man that those who are agin him have done the votin' for."

"Tom," says I, "you're right. I'd love to see that kind of law enacted. An' wouldn't it be fine," says I, "to have the best and popularest men in each party go to Frankfort to make our laws for us? Why, the way things are now, the very best an' smartest Republican in the state may live in a Democratic district, an' the best an' smartest Democrat may live in a Republican district, so they can't do a thing, nor their friends an' admirers can't for 'em, but some second class, fussy fellers slip in in their place."

"Why yes," says he, "Pres. McKinley himself got knocked out o' congress, 'cause they gerrymandered the state up so, but they couldn't work no gerrymander if the representation was proportional. The will o' the people 'ud get there every time sure, an' the most popular men 'ud get the votes what 'ud put 'em in."

"But what's the use o' talkin', Tom?" says I; "we ain't got this law, an' we ain't likely to."

"Ves we be," says Tom, "an' you'll I'll live to see it. They're tryin' it already in some places, particulary over in a country 'n Europe called—le's see, what do they call it? Tain't England, tain't France, but just a little nice country up north. Seems like it's 'Boulah land', or su'thin' beginnin' with a B."

"Belgium?" says I.

"That's it," says he, "that's it. They've been a tryin' it in Belgium an' like it over so much, an' they're talkin' about tryin' it here with us."

"Then Tom had to go an' feed his horses, but I set still an' kep' a thinkin'." An' I thought as how I'd write to you about it, Mr. CITIZEN, an' maybe you'd publish it for all your folks to read, so's they could be a thinkin' it over, too.

Yours truthfully, SILEAS SHINGLES.

Shooting Stars! Look Out!

The shooting stars which we see at night are caused by little pieces of stone or iron, generally no bigger than pebbles or even grains of sand, which are flying through outer space at a rate of many miles a second, and which, when they strike the earth's air, are heated by the friction and are burned up.

Once in thirty-three years there is a special great shower of these, when hundreds and thousands can be seen in a single night, and as nearly as astronomers can reckon, this shower will occur to-morrow morning, Thursday, Nov. 16, between midnight and daylight. It is barely possible that the shower may be a few hours ahead of or behind time, so as to come during daylight, but that is not likely, and all who want to see one of the rarest and most splendid sights the sky ever affords, should not fail to rise in the night and watch for it. The shower may last two or three days, but will be heaviest at the time mentioned.

Very rarely a shooting star is as bright as the moon, and really as large as a bushel basket, or even a wagon-bed. In that case, pieces of it are sure to fall to the ground. When E. G. Dodge, of Berea, was in Europe, he saw in the Vienna Museum a section of an iron stone which had fallen at Eagle Station, Carroll Co., Ky., and had been sent all that way across the ocean to be shown as a curiosity among others of the same kind.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. Ezra B. Yocum, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Perhaps some of you may be studying Pennsylvania in your Geography class just now, and it will make Philadelphia seem a little nearer and more real to you to hear direct from there.

You remember that it was founded in 1682 by William Penn as the capital of his province of Pennsylvania.

Its name means, "Brotherly love." This city was, with brief exceptions, the seat of the United States Government from 1774 until 1800, when the capital was moved to Washington.

It covers an area of 120 square miles, and has about 190,000 dwellings, which is said to exceed the number in Chicago and New York combined.

It was the most populous city of America until 1830, when New York took the lead.

There are 425 public schools in the city, and over 600 churches.

The University of Pennsylvania, founded by Benjamin Franklin, and one of the finest institutions of the country, is here.

Grand College, the Drexel Institute, and many other institutions of learning are here, and these with a number of fine public libraries mark Philadelphia as a leading city of our land in learning and refinement.

It was here that Washington delivered his farewell address; here was founded the first bank in the United States; also the first mint for coining money.

The City Hall is the largest municipal building in the world. It is not yet done, and has already cost \$18,000,000. It is 470 x 486 feet in area and is the highest building in the world, with one exception. The Washington Monument at Washington is eight feet higher.

The great tower has on its summit a bronze figure of William Penn—itsself 37 feet high—and the whole reaches a height of 547 feet 3 1/2 inches.

The building contains 520 rooms and is a grand structure.

Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad opposite the city hall is one of the largest and finest stations in the country. Five hundred and thirty trains arrive and depart daily, carrying an average of 60,000 passengers.

The United States Custom House is here, a building modeled after the Parthenon and said to be one of the finest examples of Doric architecture in the world.

Fairmount Park, where the Centennial was held, is the largest public park in America, containing nearly 3,000 acres.

At the Green Street entrance to this park stands the Washington Monument, a splendid work of art which cost more than \$250,000. It is a fine statue of Washington on horse-back and around this are grouped some most interesting historical and allegorical figures.

The oldest chartered school in the United States is here. The William Penn Charter School for boys has been in existence for more than two centuries, and was chartered by William Penn in 1701.

The city also boasts the largest Zoological garden in the country, containing nearly 1,000 living specimens.

Just now there is in progress here a "Trades Exposition," which is bringing many visitors to the city. I have not visited it, but it is said to be of great interest and is expected to do a great deal toward promoting business interests in the country.

The Y. M. C. A. has a fine building on the corner of 15th and Chestnut streets and the association seems to be doing a good work in many directions.

The Woman's Christian Association Building is on the corner of 18th and Arch streets and does a great work for the working women and girls of the city. It is really a woman's hotel with the moral restraints and pleasures of a home. I take my meals there daily on the 8th floor and use the pleasant library in the after supper hour.

Next week we will visit some places of special and historic interest.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Watch the Fires.

To the east of Berea about two or three miles lies a tract of several hundred acres that is covered with a fine growth of young timber, mostly oaks and pines. Not much of the old growth is left, but we are told that the original growth was very heavy and that fifty years ago a large saw mill did a flourishing business in there. An old resident near this land, pointing to a grove of pines with straight clean trunks six to ten inches in diameter said, "Those trees were just bushes when I came here thirty years ago." They were just getting out of the pole forest stage and in another fifty years would make thousands of feet of fine timber. Scattered all through this tract where more recent cuttings have been made are thickets of young pines and oaks six to twelve feet high. They are thrifty and in good growing condition, or were a few days ago and soon would have grown out of the brush stage into the pole forest stage. But after the ground was well littered with fallen leaves some careless person, we hope it was not worse than carelessness, let a fire get in and nearly the entire tract was burned over. It was not a very fierce fire except in places, but if any one will go through those woods now and examine the young trees carefully he will find a great many burned a little near the ground. Perhaps this is only on one side or it may be clear around the trunk and a foot high, but cutting in with a sharp knife it will be found that the live growing layer or cambium is cooked so that if the tree is not killed entirely it is deadened on one side and so will be severely checked in its growth, and if it grows on to be a tree the foundation is laid for a rotten spot, and when the tree is cut it will be found unsound at the heart or perhaps hollow and worthless. In other parts where the leaves had drifted in a little deeper and there were old tree tops to the tops, while larger trees were burned on the trunks two or three feet high and their decay will date from that.

The worst thing about it seemed to be that the whole affair was nobody's business in particular. Some of the land belonged to non-residents, and where the owners were at hand they did not seem to think a little leaf fire was doing much damage. It would not destroy any large tree or saw log. The young pole trees and the seedlings in a woods are like the children in school and the little tots playing about the door in a community. They are not of much use yet in the world's work but they are the growing stock that is to make the men and women of the future.

A family without children has little show for representation in the affairs of the next century. The kind of start these little folks get will decide largely the kind of men and women they will make too.

Now the growing stock of a forest comprises all young trees of any size not yet ready to harvest. There has so far been no way discovered to get old, valuable trees except to give them time to grow from young ones, and it takes a great many years as a rule. These young trees in the thickets were ten or fifteen years old and when they are killed the getting of a forest there is put back that length of time. Another thought is that leaves and dead trees and brush are needed on the land. They are returning to the soil a great deal of the strength taken out of it and every fire is a great loss for this reason.

Watch the fires at this season of the year, and if a fire gets started let it be everybody's business to put it out.

THE HOME.

Contributed by R. O. Boyer.

SOME GAMES.

What do we do at home on winter evenings, when the day's work is done?

Some one has said that the British play more games than any other nation, and that this makes them the biggest hustlers in the world's work. Some one else has said that the reason the American gunners shot so straight at Manila and Santiago was that they played marbles when they were boys!

This, of course is an exaggeration, but playing good games (unless the thing be overdone) is not only fine sport, but profitable, as well. It wakes us up and educates us.

Here is something a trifle new. Clear off the dining table, and let the whole family sit around it, first choosing sides. Lay a blown egg shell in the center, and at the count of "one, two, three," let all blow at it from their lips at once, and the side which first succeeds in blowing it to be opposite end (or into a square marked with chalk) wins the contest. This is a fine game, provided no member of the family has his breath tainted by much use of tobacco!

We all know how to play checkers, but do the children understand that simple yet interesting game, "Three Men Morris"? Draw a square on slate or paper. Draw four lines through the center, one of them sideways, one up and down, and two corner ways. Let each player take three checker-men, buttons, or kernels of corn (red and white.) Then one player lays a man on one of the nine spots where lines come together, and the other follows, each trying to lay his three men in a row and to prevent the other from doing so. If neither succeeds at first, the players take turns in moving their men along the lines, one step at a time, until one or the other succeeds in making a row.

Those who have been to school in the summer will enjoy this easy spelling game. One of the party thinks of something in the room, (or, if you prefer, something on the farm,) and names the letter with which it begins, as C for chair, B for bed, etc. The one who first guesses the object has the right of naming the next object to be guessed.

Tie a string to the stem of a large apple and let it hang freely from the rafter or ceiling, and about five feet from the floor. Then see who is smart enough to hit the apple without touching the hands to it.

Some of us have enjoyed great sport by setting a lighted candle on the table, placing one of our number in front of it, and then securely blindfolding him. Tell him to step back three steps, turn around three times, step forward three steps, and then blow out the candle. He must not use his hands to find the corner of the table, but must blow straight ahead.

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